

## CEMENT.

Whole No. 590.

As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs. Ingalls. "I do not know exactly what you mean. If I judge the dress and manner of a lady, she must have much of it on or she is not American. To me there is no nearly alike. I cannot distinguish those manners of difference that you all make such a point in my practice of eyes the daughters of your mechanics and

"Mamma," whispered Miss Montague, "if that girl be here, I don't wish to come. I can't endure her."

Take my advice," continued Miss Montague to Purity and her two little cousins. "If she was not so very handsome, she might pass for a servant. But her beauty will attract general observation, and she will be obliged to tell exactly who she is, where you joined her up, and to give or hear account of her family."

"Oh," said her a note to-morrow," answered I Montague, carelessly, and rising to depart, "any thing that I can do for you, I will do with pleasure, but nothing, so that you only signify to her that she is no longer coming."

All day Mrs. Putts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albin from appearing at the party; and when she recollected, every time when she was passing by his room, how he would stare at her when she was unexpecting, how so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations, before Albin went home, Mrs. Putts had not

to the conclusion to follow. Mrs. Montague's advice, she shrunk from the task of telling her son in person. She refused to send her next morning, a concise and neatly reprinted letter not to come, and she intended to wait until all the other aspects of the plot of her life being by no means settled, and she will not be one of such of men was an open question. Also that selection consisted entirely of persons well known to her and other accustomed to meet in company, and that the very reason to fear that her gentle and modest form of Alabama would have been unable to enjoy herself among noisy strangers, &c., &c. These excuses, she knew very well, would not be accepted, and she was determined, therefore, she could smooth off all her systolic blood

Next morning, Mrs. Fottis was on her feet ready with her pen, considering that she preferred to make up her mind in the morning, and to put it into effect in the evening, employed near an hour in making out the following note to Alibna.

"I am so glad to hear of your return to the city, and of the satisfaction you find in the necessity of dealing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle maintained here this evening. Mrs. W. P. will explain in detail, hoping Mrs. and Miss M. are both well. Mr. V. represents his respects to both ladies, as well as Miss F. and their favorite little Lafayette desires his best love."

The billet arrived while Alibna had gone to her maid's room, and she was sitting at her dressing table, when she

Her mother, who signed the note and was not the one to drop it, said her father's parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs. Marsden was shocked at its content and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an intrusion. At first her only emotion was resentment at Mrs. Tofts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Alfina, whom she pictured to her as a lonely creature at home, perhaps crying over her loss. She recollected the elegant yet delicate form which Alfina would have looked so beautifully, and she would never be unkind.

"Oh," soliloquized Mrs. Marsden, "what a pity that an accountable note was not dropped and lost in the street!"

But that, of course, some one would have found and told them. And would have been worse than all. How could they have been so stupidly, obviously, rudely deceived? But great people think they may do anything. I wish that had fallen into the fire before it came to my hands. But Alms would have known nothing of it; she would have gone to the party, looking more charmingly than she did in her life, and she would be seen there, and would make new acquaintances, and Mrs. Putte would do so, too. Nobody would know of this vile plot, which happens after all is only a joke, and Mrs. Putte would sup that of course Alms had not received it, besides.

to doubt that Mrs. Felt will tend for her to murder, make a satisfactory explanation. But then, to-a-git, it said could only get there to-a-git. What harm can it do to a woman to be a woman? It is not a crime to be a woman. Why should the dear girl be deprived of the pleasure she anticipated this evening. And even if she expects enjoyment whatever, still how great will be the advantage of having her seen at Mrs. Washington Post's select party. It will at once set her on the world. Of course, I will conclude that the note was written, and will be forwarded to Mrs. Felt. It is really most strange that Mrs. Marchant should have been so reasonable. It appears to me that when she was a young beauty delirious with her new dress which first

Evening came, and Albin's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French barber. She dressed, and looked charmingly.

Mr. Fotsch requested such that she could not go to the  
under his escort. She knew, no one else of the court  
and she had no alternative but to stand for a carriage  
proceeded thither by herself after her mother had  
protested repeated requests to the hotel to know if  
Chester had yet arrived, for he was certainly expe-  
cted that evening.

After the coming up to the house, she felt all the terror  
of the scene flash across her, and already repeated the  
had ventured on this enterprise alone. On arriving  
did not go into the ladies' room, but gave her hood  
cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested  
her attendant to inform Mr. Fotsch that a lady was

He told him: Mrs. Fottis occasionally came into the bar, but looked surprised at first when Alvin told her, for he had been told that she was a Communist. But after a few minutes, she said: "But concluding, as he often did, that it was in vain to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he left it to her to say nothing."

On Alvin requesting him to accompany her on her errand, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. He led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually clearing as they went. He then turned to the young man and said: "I am glad to see you, but I am not here to be complimentary," Mrs. Fottis, who received her with a smile, and a glance at her husband, said: "Mrs. Mount was not next to the lady of the manor, opened this

her entrance eyes, and then she saw "Apple of her opera-glass," and then (amused),

"You must have been converted, turned to look for a soul-saver, when you were in the wilderness last year." As she retired, only waving "good-bye," she heard a half whisper running in the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish words so as to make any connected scene of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Oh! I believe my eyes!" and Mrs. Fotts.

"The same palace of American girls is astonishing," said Mr. Montague.

"What was forbidden to Rome?" and Miss Montague, who was justly beside her. "Mrs. Fotts herself, during

"She was actually prohibited," resumed Mrs. Montebello, leaning over to Mrs. Jones.

"I don't recall a state of prohibition," said Mrs. Jones, leaning over to Mrs. Smith. "I had serious objections, leaving her alone."

"I am sure you did, through impulse," pursued Mrs. Smith. "That I suppose is one of the consequences of the liberty and freedom and independence that Americans are always talking about. I must tell Mr. Montebello, for really this is too good to lose."

"And becoming too inclined to come to her," Mr. d'Aubert said, "put down in your memoirs and in the

The story was soon circulated round the room in a hushed tone, and no one had marvel or kindness suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden's having even crossed the note.

Although never perceived herself to be an object of real anti-diversion, and was really at a loss to divinations. The two ladies that were present to her,

Her situation soon became intolerable. She felt there was nothing left for her but to go home. Until she had sold out the furniture at eleven dollars. At this time, the situation was so bad, and she had no money to pay her rent, that she was forced to leave her place which by this time was literally a mess. Mrs. Ponce if she would allow it is willing to return for help.

[illegible]

Marque. I from himself. The wise man sees tender as  
to his Ma self, which others cannot; but the fool is  
quis. himself in his character, which is consap  
body else.

---











